



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



Nº 47

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Whatever they say, ass' hairs warm."

BREAKING NEWS **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

Although we haven't managed to rescue our narrators, we've caught new ones. So we hope to get out our beloved (my ass) gazette again every month. You bastards, it's just a bullet! Buy it, it's the only way to hold on Ratcutter.



Surely you've been intrigued with Final Waste expedition. The Waste Thirteen, as the survivors are called now, well, they don't release a word. But this humble repair... redot... storyteller has approached the shack where they'r stay to tease out. And I've had teased out them. A barrage of blows had made me think that whatever is in the Final Waste is really unpleasant. Lizzie's exact words where: "You want to know what is there? You'll find out, but good". We will keep trying.



The big fucking riot we were waiting between Black Blood and the Blue Oyster band has not happened. Even though everyone was prepared to beat the hell out of them. On one side, the Blue Oyster buggy, with all the hot spikes. On the other, the Black Blood Sons on their choppers. But then, Lord Homoeroticus meets with Cunnilingus, they get into a booth to chat all afternoon. When they leave, they are best friends. And no one knows what happened. And we don't want to specola.. spiculat... invent theories, as both of them have very bad fucking humour.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Orphanage admits new members. If you're an orphan, come to see us. We have caregivers, martarrabbits and lots of fun. And if you're not an orphan, come and we lend you a knife.
Ref. BTM - Nun Chaku

A crack gang of the Waste was sent to prison because yes, as we did nothin'. But we escape very well. If you can find us, you can hire us to build a pretty buggy.
Ref. TV80 - ATIM

Experienced genital crabs hunter. Guaranteed results. I do not scare for nothing.
Ref. EXT - Crabinator



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Ever'one of you know the story of Satan Clank. This chap, extrave.. stran... extravo... weird, red-colored so blood stains can't be seen, comes from a very lost place. It's supposed to arrive in a crimson buggy, thrown by some kind of horned beasts, and distribute black stones to anyone he meets. And this stones burns fucking well, and the Junkers buy them at a good price.

This year, the coming of Satan Clank have been fucking weird. Apparently, the red fat man have arrived in a handsome buggy thrown by three snortcamels. When he was in the center of Scrapbridge, giving away black stones as if there where no tomorrow, three guys, dressed in a fucking weird way, with blankets and everything, have come from nobody knows and started a brawl with Satan Clank. They said that the fat bastard have stolen their snortcamels. At last, everyone to jail until the Judges decides what to do with the snortcamels.